

The travelling Chapman

To which are added

THE TRAVELLING CHAPMAN

The Yorkshire-man in London

Another Cup and then.

I travel'd a day & an evening to night,
And have a new Y appear'd in my sight.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY

But I had a thought, and that's best of all.



I travel all the way, and I love it,
I see at my eye, what they do look at.

Yet I have a thought, that's best of all,
They praise me, but they buy me at all.

I went to the fair, and I saw a
Goods

I saw a
They

Yet I have
I

Sometimes my bed is in the very
Of tin es among barley and wheat

And other's sometimes, but the best
Yet I have a thought, that's best of all.

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THE TRAVELLING CHAPMAN.

PEACE and contentment consist not in wealth,
Nor in store of riches, I know by myself;
Altho' that my winning were never sae sma'
Yet I have contentment and that's best of a'.

I travell'd all day from morning to night,
And never a penny appeared in my sight,
You may weel suppose my winning was sma',
But I had contentment, and that's best of a'.

I travel all day with my pack on my back,
I ask at my customers what they do lack,
They praise my goods much but buy none at a'
Yet I have contentment, and that's best of a'.

I went to some Ladies to shew them my goods
I shew'd them my Cambrics and maslin for hoods,
They ruff'd my goods but bought none at a'
Yet I have contentment, and that's best of a'.

Sometimes my bed-chamber is not very meet,
Oft-times among barley and whiles among wheat
And other sometimes but the bare barn wa',
Yet I have contentment, and that's best of a'.

Sometimes I'm obliged to ly on the floor,
Instead of a window a hole in the door,

Where day-light peeps in, altho' it be sma',
 Yet I have contentment, and that's best of a'.

THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.

WHEN first in Lunnun I arriv'd,
 On a visit, on a visit,
 When first in Lunnun I arriv'd
 'Midst heavy rain and thunder,
 There I espy'd a lass in green
 The bonniest lass that eyes e'er seen,
 I'd often heard of beauty's queen,
 Think's I by gum I've found her,
 Tol de rol, &c.

She stood stock still, I did the same,
 Gazing on her, gazing on her,
 She stood stock still, I did the same,
 We both look'd mighty simple,
 Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
 Which on the hedge neglected blows,
 Her eyes were black as any sloes,
 And nigh her mouth a dimple,
 Tol de rol, &c.

Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 Scraping to her, scraping to her,
 Madam, says I, and made a bow,
 I quite forgot the weather,
 If you will me permission give
 I'll see you home where e'er you live,
 With that she took me by the sleeve,

And off we trudg'd together.

Tol de rol, &c.

A pratty wild goose chase we had,
 Up and down sirs in and out sirs,
 A pratty wild goose chase we had,
 The cobbled stones so gall'd me,
 Where on we came unto a door,
 Where twenty lasses aye or more,
 Came out to have a bit galore,
 At Bumkin as they call'd me,

Tol de rol, &c.

Walk in kind sir, she says to me,
 Quite politely, quite politely,
 Walk in kind sir, she says to me,
 Poor lad they call'd he's undone,
 Walk in kind sir — not so says I,
 For I've got other fish to fry,
 I've seen you home, so now good by,
 I'ze Yorkshire tho' in Lunnun.

Tol de rol, &c.

My pockets soon I rumag'd o'er,
 Cautious ever, cautious ever,
 My pockets soon I rumag'd o'er,
 Where I a diamond ring found,
 For I had this precaution took,
 To stick in each a small fish hook,
 In groping for my pocket hook,
 The hook it striped her finger.

Tol de rol, &c.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 Living idle, living idle,
 Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,
 'Tis time to strike to work sure;
 I sold the ring and got the brass,
 I did not play the ass,
 It will do to toast the Lunnun lass,
 When I get back to Yorkshire,
 Tol de rol, &c.

ANOTHER CUP AND THEN.

MAT Mudge, the sexton of our town,
 Though oft a little heady,
 The drink not so his wits could drown,
 But some excuse was ready,
 Mat said the parson loved a sup,
 And eke also the clerk;
 And then it kept his spirits up,
 'Mongst spirits in the dark.
 Swore 'twas his predecessors fault,
 A cursed drunken fellow
 The very bells to ring he taught,
 As if they were all mellow:
 Hark, hark' cried he, in tipsy peal,
 Like roaring toppers as they reel;
 Hark what a drunken potter:
 Another cup and then — What then? Another.
 For good news Mat got drunk for joy,
 If he could beg or borrow.

Did any thing his mind annoy,
 He drank to drown his sorrow.
 Thus he'd rejoice. or he'd condole,
 Cried Mat, be't joy or grief,
 As the song says, the flowing bowl
 Still gives the mind relief.
 'Twas all my predecessors fault, &c.

Were peace the theme, and all its charms,
 Mat fill'd the sparkling nogging :
 If war he drank may British arms
 Still give the foe a flogging.
 The Parson once took Mat to task,
 Bid him beware the bowl ;
 Your pardon I most humbly ask,
 Cried he, but 'pon my soul,
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

And then no liquor came amiss,
 Wherever he could forage ;
 That gave him spirits wisdom this,
 And t'other gave him courage.
 Thus was a merry and jocose,
 If fortune smiled or frowned ;
 And when he'd fairly got his dose,
 And all the turned round,
 Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
 as I ungrateful Nanny do ?

Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
 or ever broken heart so true?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
 Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd did e'er I stay,
 or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 and all she wish'd was quickly done,
 I always think of her, hut she
 Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 have I not rose by break of day?
 Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
 if Robie in his barn had hay?
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two;
 And I her lambs did safely keep,
 within my fold in frost or snow:
 Have they not there from cold been free,
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come;
 'twas I that did her pitchers fill;
 Full as they were I brought them home,
 her corn I carried to the mill;
 My back did bear the sack, but she
 Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best,
Within this week her pigeons have,
eat up a peck of pease at least.
Her little pigeons kiss but she
Will never take a kiss from me
Must Robin always Nanny woo,
and Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
if Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

FINIS

When Nanny to the well did come
I saw her with a pail on her
Full as they were I put down their
her out I carried to the mill
My back she beat the sack but she
Will never bear the sight of me
Her Nanny still is out to me
Have they not there from cold been free
was in my left in foot or shoe
And I her lambs did softly kiss
I cheerfully did give her two
If ever Nanny love me you'll see
FINIS